

THE BEE

WASHINGTON

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GRANT'S LIFE SAVED

Colored Servant In Need

WILL HELP HER IF SHE NEEDS

GEN. GRANT'S LIFE SAVED.

Would Have Been With Lincoln When Assassinated but for the Mistake of His Negro Servant—Interesting Facts in the Case—Sketch of the Family.

(From the Wood County Democrat)

Nearly three years ago in the Washington Hospital died a colored man, George W. Barnes, whose career had an important part in the great war of 1861-65. He was a historic character.

After the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox Gen. Grant directed his personal baggage to be shipped from City Point to Washington. Barnes was given charge of the same, with directions to take it to the old Willard Hotel, at which Mrs. Grant was staying. For some reason the baggage was taken to the old Baltimore & Ohio Station instead of the hotel.

An arrangement had been made between Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant that their husbands should accompany them on the night of the 14th of April, to Ford's Theater to witness the farewell play of Laura Keene in "Our American Cousin."

Imagine the disappointment occasioned by the mistake in not having the baggage sent to the hotel as was arranged. When Gen. Grant reached the city the entire plans of the evening were changed. The General was without suitable change of clothing. Instead of enjoying the pleasure of the evening at the theater, he and Mrs. Grant took the early train for Burlington, N. J., to visit briefly some of her relatives. When the train reached Philadelphia a telegram informed them of the assassination of the President and the attempt upon other prominent officials. The party went on, however, to Burlington, but Gen. Grant arranged to return in the morning to the Capital on the first train.

Mrs. Grant's disappointment in not being permitted to attend the theater was at first keenly felt, and she did not attempt to conceal her feelings in the premises. Later, however, she was inclined not only to forgive the faithful servant, but to express gratitude that her distinguished husband was saved from a fate that seemed to have been planned for the taking away of the two principal characters for the preservation of the Union. As long as the General and Mrs. Grant lived the faithful servant was duly remembered on the return of every Christmas and New Year's Day.

As showing the genuineness of this case and the devotion involved, the writer wishes to submit confirmatory statements. In a personal letter from Maj.-Gen. Fred D. Grant, commanding the Department of the Lakes, dated Chicago, June 2, 1910, occurs this statement: "The colored boy, William Barnes, came to my father's headquarters at Cairo late in the fall or early in the winter of 1861, and was employed by my father's Aide-de-Camp, then Lieutenant but afterwards Colonel Clarke B. Lagow. He was with headquarters in the service of different staff officers until just before the Vicksburg campaign, when he went to Colonel Bloomer and remained with him until Colonel Bloomer was killed during the siege of Vicksburg. He then returned to the headquarters, and was employed by my father as a valet, and remained with him until my father went out of office as President of the United States."

In another letter, dated June 18, 1910, Gen. Fred D. Grant says: "Barnes was a dependent to a great extent upon my family from the fall of 1861 until he died. He was either in our employ or else in employment we secured for him with others nearly all the time, and when out of employment altogether was assisted from time to time by my family. I would be glad if I could be of any assistance to his widow now, though I have many calls upon me, and I do not feel like volunteering too much."

From a statement dated "3 East 60th street, New York, Jan. 19, 1891," Mrs. Julia D. Grant, widow of the distinguished war General and mother of Fred D. Grant, says:

"William Barnes was employed by Gen. U. S. Grant as his personal servant for the greater part of the war, also at our private residence in Washington, and again at the Executive Mansion."

Mrs. Barnes, the widow of William Barnes, is living in a dependent condition with her daughter at 1454 N street northwest, in this city. She has a sword, a camp stool and a bag in which the General's clothes were carried to the laundryman. The sword is alluded to thus, in one of General Fred D. Grant's letters to me: "I remember very distinctly that my father's sword was shot off at the battle of Shiloh, and that a new one was furnished him by General John A. McClellan, one of his division commanders."

It is suggested that Congress ought to make some provision for this faithful colored woman by providing a small pension for her for the remainder of her life. Some small allowance might be made for the articles I have enumerated, and they might then be deposited in the Smithsonian Institution with other relics. The pictures of General Grant preserved in the little room by his loyal, faithful-colored woman attest the faithfulness of the colored race during the

war and subsequently to those who were supposed to be their redeemers from slavery. Let a Nation show its gratitude in the hour of need.

J. FRAISE RICHARD.

Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911.

National Negro Business League.

The National Negro Business League will hold its 12th annual meeting at Little Rock, Ark., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 16, 17 and 18, 1911. Those intending to be present should notify W. M. Alexander, Chairman Committee on Homes, 504 1-2 West Ninth Street, Little Rock, as early as possible.

Gov. George W. Donaghey, of Arkansas, is manifesting great interest in this coming meeting, and has assured the Local League of his entire willingness to do everything possible toward making the meeting a success. Gov. Donaghey, the Little Rock Chamber of Commerce, and the most important white citizens of Little Rock joined with the Local League of Little Rock in inviting the National organization to Little Rock. The citizens have already begun to make extensive preparations for this meeting.

The annual meetings of the National Negro Business League are yearly increasing in value and helpfulness to the race. They bring progressive colored men and women together from every section of the country, and afford a chance to become acquainted and exchange ideas with each other. Moreover, the deliberations of the meeting, and the opportunity which the members of other races are afforded to learn of what the Negro is doing for himself, are helpful in the highest degree. Lastly, the annual vacation which every person usually takes, can be made both inexpensive, delightful and profitable by attendance at these meetings of the National Negro Business League.

Hon. J. E. Bush, a member of the Executive Committee of the National organization, is the leading spirit in all of the activities now being made for the coming meeting, and is especially anxious to have Northern members of the League present in large numbers. "It is no further from New York to Little Rock than it is from Little Rock to New York, and Arkansas has always been largely represented at every meeting of the National organization." Mr. Bush assures the Northern members that the progress which the colored people of Arkansas have made will fully warrant their coming South in large numbers.

The railroads have already consented to make an attractive rate for this coming meeting, and delegates are especially urged to give attention to the matter of arranging for Pullman or tourist car parties. Further information will be furnished regarding this feature within the next week or two days.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, President, Tuskegee Institute, Ala., J. C. NAPIER, Chairman Executive Committee, Washington, D. C.

EMMETT J. SCOTT, Corresponding Secretary, Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

National Training School.

We are in the midst of our annual examinations, and while we cannot say that everybody is happy, we can say that everybody is busy.

The students in the Dressmaking Department were never busier. Yards and yards of lawn have been made into simple dresses to be worn during Commencement Week. The gowns are to be inexpensive, but pretty. The order has gone forth that no frills and ornaments must be used. Simplicity and economy is the slogan.

Rev. E. W. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., will deliver the baccalaureate sermon Sunday, June 4.

There will be many attractions on Industrial Day. Aside from exhibitions and demonstrations, a dinner to cost just one dollar will be prepared and served to a family of five.

The Business Department of the National Training School has given three very creditable and successful entertainments. The money has been spent in installing two new L. C. Smith typewriters and tables. The department is an attractive one, and it is destined to occupy a very important place and is destined to render invaluable service in supplying efficient stenographers. "Don't be a makeshift, but make good," is the department's motto.

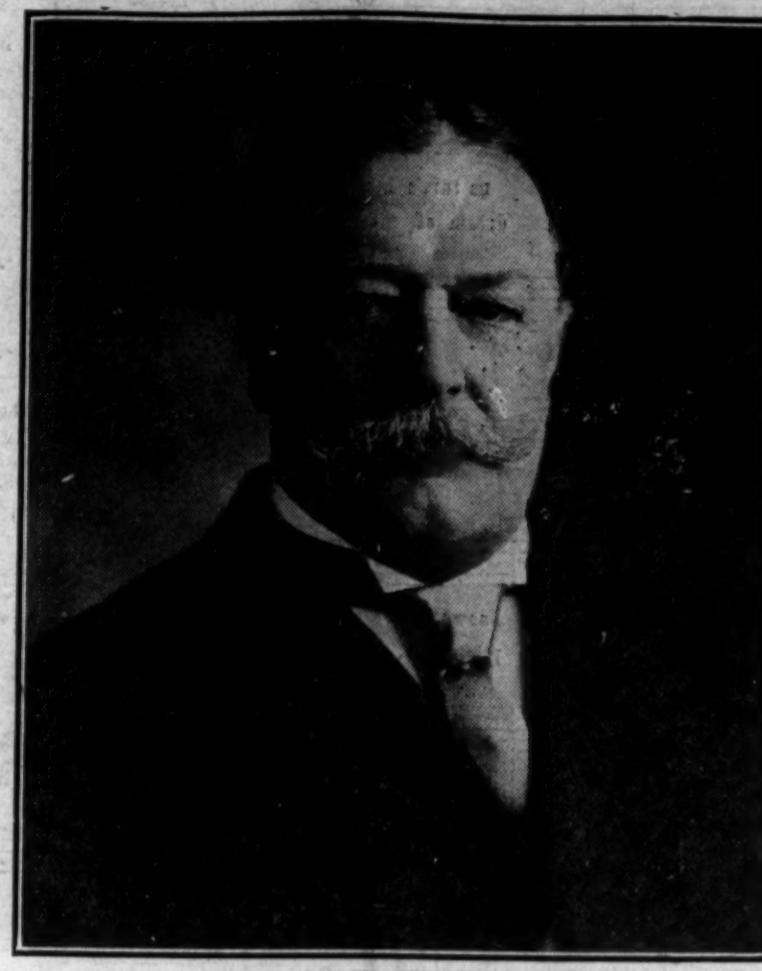
Visitors are constantly coming to the institution, and are pleased with the delightful situation and the progress that has been made. We gently remind them that all we need is room.

The first annual Commencement will be held June 9. Several young ladies will graduate.

A number of friends are very anxious to help us in our effort to install a water supply that will relieve our girls of the burden of carrying water.

Negro Regiment in New York Defeated by Democratic Votes.

Albany, N. Y., May 22.—The Assembly last Thursday killed Assemblyman Cuivillier's bill proposing to give Gov. Dix authority to permit the organization of a National Guard regiment of negro citizens of the city of New York. Assemblyman Bush, of Chemung, insisted that the Governor already had the right to permit such an organization, but that no Governor would ever grant it because it would put the proposed negro National Guardsmen on the same social equality footing with the white man. The bill was lost by a vote of 25 to 68. The Democrats, who compose the majority in the State Legislature, defeated the bill, they voting solidly against it.



PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT.
Addresses The Y. M. C. A.

EDITOR AT DURHAM COMPANY A WINS

Visits The National Religious Training School

DR. SHEPPARD'S GOOD WORK

The Populace and People Come Miles to the Exercises

(Editorial Correspondence.)

Durham, N. C., May 22.

I arrived in the city of Durham, N. C., Sunday morning, yesterday. I have been anxious for a number of years to visit the home of my young and distinguished friend, Dr. James E. Shepard. I was not disappointed. Dr. Shepard is the same man at home as he is away from home.

I will not in this letter tell you all about Durham, N. C., because I am preparing a special correspondence of June 1, the occasion of the 32d anniversary of The Bee. Then I shall tell you all about the people of this great little city and the work of Dr. Shepard.

I had the good fortune of taking a spin around the city yesterday afternoon with Dr. Charles H. Shepard, one of the leading physicians in the city and no doubt one of the most popular.

This is a jubilee week at the National Religious Training School. Everybody of note attended the opening exercises at the school yesterday. The thermometer was 103 in the shade, and notwithstanding the people walked a distance of one and three-quarters miles to attend the exercises.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. A. R. Record, pastor of the Church of the Unity, Springfield, Mass. His sermon was full of sound thoughts. Everybody is looking forward for the coming of Judge Stafford, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Judge Stafford will be the guest of Mr. Carr, one of the leading citizens of Carr and a millionaire several times.

Did you ask whether I attended divine services yesterday? I certainly did. Nobody can come to Durham without attending church. The people are very religious in this section of the State. Everywhere you turn in the house of Dr. Shepard you are reminded of the greatness and goodness of God. Before me this moment I am reading against the wall:

God's Best.

"God—His best things for the few

Who dare to stand the test;

He has His second choice for those

Who will not have His best."

The foregoing are only a few of the sentiments that confront you in the home of the President of the National Religious Training School. It is all sunshine here. It is the palace of comfort, happiness and sunshine. Of course, I attended church. I went to the White Rock Baptist Church. The Presbyterian Church was too far off, and again the sun was too warm.

The White Rock is the church that my friend Pittman reconstructed. I am fond of good singing. Without exceptions there is one of the finest choirs at this church that can be found anywhere in the country. The organist is an accomplished lady. She can do anything. I am going to tell you all about everybody and everything in my special on Durham. I shall dine this evening with Rev. Dr. Shepard. This entire week will be a busy one for me.

W. C. C.

A gift of \$500,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology by T. Coleman du Pont, of Delaware, has been announced. The gift follows closely the signing by the Governor of the bill which appropriated \$1,000 a year for 10 years to the institute.

medal, which becomes their sole property. Each cadet and non-commissioned officer receives a badge as a token of their splendid work on the drill field.

It is to be regretted that extensive repairs at the baseball park prevented having the drill there as usual, but the Committee of Arrangements spared no pains to make everyone comfortable in spite of the sweltering heat.

Principal Williams is to be congratulated upon the success of his cadets upon the drill field. They have won each year of his two years as principal.

The roster of the winning company is as follows:

Captain, Hugh Shipley; First Lieutenant, F. Magruder; Second Lieutenant, George Adams; Sergeants, first, Harold Quivers; second, H. Crawford; third, J. Dancy; fourth, J. Freeman, and fifth, C. Johnson; Corporals, W. Smith, F. Malone, J. Holland, L. Blount, M. Ward and S. Berry; privates, R. Anderson, W. Bowie, G. Butler, J. Coles, J. Ellis, E. Gantt, H. Hamilton, E. Henderson, W. Jackson, R. Key, C. Ramsay, G. Roye, L. Scipio, R. Smith, L. Starnard, L. Walker, G. Williams, N. Barnett, E. Butler, W. Carson, M. Dandridge, W. Duncan, C. Gordon, E. Henson, D. R. Holton, W. Jeter, W. Loffin, U. Reed, G. Samuel, J. Scott, W. Sparks, S. Thompson, L. Watson, D. Yates, J. Boarman, G. Butler, R. Clarke, E. Davidson, J. Frazier, W. Hall, P. Hines, F. Hunt, E. Johnson, H. Mayritte, F. Robinson, H. Spencer, L. Skinner, A. Stafford, M. Turner and E. Webb.

A diamond studded sword, the gift

of the Sultan of Zanzibar in 1844 to Capt. John Percival, of the United States frigate Constitution, is the subject of a suit in Boston, Mass., between a Miss Susan Minns and Chester A. Reed.

The prolonged drought in sections of Eastern Carolina is working such injury to crops that planters are becoming alarmed. No rain of consequence has fallen since last September in many sections. At Chabourn, the Mayor has issued an official proclamation calling the people to gather at their houses of worship and invoke Divine help.

It is said the Times, a Democratic white paper of Orangeburg, S. C., when it was found that the Recorder, a colored weekly, was about to miss an issue on account of a broken press, offered its services and got out the paper for the colored weekly.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar Taylor, a relative of the late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, is the first beneficiary of the \$2,000 scholarship established at Wilberforce University, in honor of the poet.

Thomas O'Connor, of New Orleans, La., 72 years of age, committed suicide last week. He was chief of the New Orleans fire department, and was the oldest fire chief in the United States, both in service and age, he having become head of the fire department in 1860.

Mrs. P. T. Rowe is said to be the first woman ever elected as an alternate delegate to a diocesan council of the Episcopal Church. Mrs. Rowe has been chosen by Trinity Church, Seattle, Wash. Mrs. Rowe's election will probably be a test case.

Dr. L. E. Gibson is said to have discovered in Lewis Hanks a new disease to the medical profession. Hanks was possessed of an enormous appetite, and it was found he had 250 little animals about one-fourth to an inch in length, belonging to the crab family. The operation has thus far proved successful.

Dr. D. K. Pearson, the great Chicago philanthropist, has achieved his purpose of giving away his fortune of \$6,000,000 and will retire to the Hindale Sanitarium with an income of \$6,000. He was 91 years of age last April.

It is said that suicide among the Negro race has increased by over 20 per cent. in the last 10 years, according to statistics.

There are now five colored churches of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

Walter Angelo Powell, aged 83 years, died at his home in St. Joseph, Mo., last Sunday. He, with Robert Mills, designed the extension to the Capitol during President Fillmore's Administration. He also built fortifications at Winchester, Harper's Ferry and other places.

A memorial to the Wisconsin soldiers who died during the Civil War, was unveiled May 22 in Vicksburg, Miss. It is a granite column surrounded by bronze equestrian figures.

GRANDFATHER LAW.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

Important News Happenings of the Week

DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTEREST

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

A movement is on foot to place a statue of John Brown in the Hall of Fame at the Capitol.

Mr. William W. Glen, colored, who for eight years has been on the police force in Los Angeles, Cal., has been made sergeant.

Some of the most successful white firemen owe their training to William G. Burnes, colored, of Indianapolis, Ind., who presides at the throttle of one of the fastest trains on the Pennsylvania line west of Pittsburgh. The Philadelphia and Baltimore Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Church in session at Metropolitan Zion Methodist Episcopal Church, has adjourned. Five hundred dollars as a free will offering was contributed to the Varick Monument Fund and \$50.00 was given to Mrs. Ida V. Smith, widow of the late Bishop Smith.

The million dollar dam erected by the United States Government in Mexico to control the water of the Colorado River, is now practically useless by a break in the Bee River above it.

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THE FINAL TEST.

Where the Ablebodied Candidate For the Army Put His Foot In It.

Bill was one of those fellows who always try to do things right. He lost his position recently and, being unable to secure another, decided to join the regular army. He applied at Uncle Sam's recruiting station. Now, Bill was a good looking specimen of manhood, and the army officer began his examination with pleasure.

Heart, lungs, hearing, sight and nerves were found in the best of condition. But one test remained before he could become a regular.

"Take off your shoes," commanded the officer.

Bill did so.

"Now wet your feet in that bucket," he was further instructed.

Bill did as he was told.

"Now walk across the room," said the army man.

Bill knew from the actions of the army officer that he had made a good mark and wanted to increase his average. He started across the floor, bringing every inch of his weight to bear at every step. He looked back. Yes, he was doing fine. He could plainly see the whole imprint of his feet each step he had taken. He was happy, and the task was finished.

"Don't want you. You're daftfooted," said the army man.

"What do you think of that?" reflected Bill as he made his way to the street.—*Pittsburgh Gazette-Times*.

THE ROYAL HOAX.

And the Missing Sword of the Duke of Cumberland.

What became of the Duke of Cumberland's sword, which was lost or stolen at the Haymarket theater Jan. 16, 1749?

It was on the night of the great "Bottle Hoax." According to advertisement, a man was to "play on a common walking cane the music of every instrument now used to perfection, get into a quart bottle without equivocation and while there sing several songs," besides doing other things only a little less marvelous—more marvelous than the theater should have been packed with spectators, including many of the nobility and the Duke of Cumberland of Culoden fame.

The conjurer did not appear, but one of the theater officials did and informed the house that all money would be returned at the doors. Cumberland was the first that flew in a rage," a contemporary account tells us, "and called to pull down the house. He drew his sword and was in such a rage that someone slipped in behind him and pulled the sword out of his hand, which was as much as to say, 'Fools should not have chopping sticks.' This sword of his has never been heard of nor the person who took it. Thirty guineas of reward are offered for it"—London Chronicle.

Curious Street Names.

The list of curious street names is inexhaustible. Bermondsey possesses a Pickle Herring street. Near Gray's Inn there is to be found a Cold Bath square. Most of the Nightingale lanes and Love lanes are hidden ironically enough in the slums of the east end. But for really bizarre street names one should go to Brussels. The Short Street of the Long Chariot, the Street of the Red Haired Woman and the Street of Sorrows are remarkable enough to catch the least observant eye. The Street of the One Person is, as one might guess, considerably narrower than Whitehall. But the cream of Brussels street names surely belongs to the Street of the Uncracked Silver Cocoon. This in the original appears as one ponderous thirty-six letter word.—London Chronicle.

He Knew How It Was.

James' mother is one of those unfortunate individuals who "pick up" unconsciously every error in speech that they hear. This failing is a source of much amusement and comment in her family, as are also the habitual and glaring mistakes of Mrs. F., a very estimable acquaintance.

One day James' mother had been out and upon her return committed a grave offense against the mother tongue. Immediately little James confronted her, with upraised forefinger, and exclaimed in accusing tones, "Now, mother, you have been playing with Mrs. F. again!"—Delineator.

Lights Out.
An irascible sergeant going his night-round of the barracks in order to make sure that all lights had been extinguished noticed that a window was illuminated. He roused the occupants of the room.

"Put out that light," he ordered, "and be quick about it."

"But it's moonlight!" explained a private.

"I don't care what it is!" roared the sergeant. "Put it out!"—London Express.

A Genius.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a genius?

Pa—A genius, my son, is a person whom nature lets in on the ground floor, but whom circumstances force to live in an attic.—Chicago News.

A Strong Hint.
Customer—You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy. Newsboy—I'm out o' practice. Ye see, most o' de gents says, "Keep de change."—Harper's Weekly.

The heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.—Bacon.

A BYRON STATUE.

It Was Made to Be Placed in Westminster Abbey, but Was Re-fused by the Dean.

Many years ago some admirers of Lord Byron raised a subscription for a monument to the poet to be placed in Westminster abbey. Chantrey was requested to execute it, but on account of the smallness of the sum subscribed he declined, and Thorwaldsen was then applied to and cheerfully undertook the work.

In about 1833 the finished statue arrived at the customs house in London, but to the astonishment of the subscribers the dean of Westminster, Dr. Ireland, declined to give permission to have it set up in the abbey, and owing to this difficulty, which proved insurmountable, for Dr. Ireland's successor was of the same opinion, it remained for upward of twelve years in the customs house, when (1846) it was removed to the library of Trinity college, Cambridge.

The poet is represented in the statue of the size of life, seated on a ruin, with his left foot resting on the fragment of a column. In his right hand he holds a style up to his mouth, in his left a book, inscribed "Childe Harold."

He is dressed in a frock coat and cloak. Beside him on the left is a skull, above which is the Athenian owl. The likeness is, of course, posthumous. Thorwaldsen was born Nov. 19, 1770, and died on March 24, 1844—Exchange.

A LAD OF MYSTERY.

That Awful Boy Jones, Who Tormented Queen Victoria.

For a little while about the middle of the nineteenth century "that awful boy Jones" was the torment of Queen Victoria's life, and his short career in public contains a mystery which would try the mettle of Sherlock Holmes.

He was a barber's apprentice who in some unexplained way discovered a passage into Buckingham palace, with which he alone was acquainted. When he was first found trespassing he was gently admonished and sent home. Soon after he was encountered again in the palace. He would not tell how he obtained access. Again he was sent home, and again he reappeared.

Once he calmly admitted that he had been lodging in the palace for a fortnight. He had laid snug during the day, sleeping in the royal apartments, and at night had wandered from room to room, helping himself to the food left over from royal repasts. He had seen the queen repeatedly and indeed had never been far from her.

The matter was considered so serious that the boy was summoned before a special meeting of the privy council. He refused to give any account of his secret. Soon after he disappeared, and it is supposed that he was removed under state protection.—London Globe.

Grant in the Saddle.

Grant was at his best in the saddle. The one real record that he made for himself at the academy, the one time that he excelled all his fellows, was at the final mounted exercises of his graduating class, when, riding a famous horse named York, he was called upon to clear the leaping bar that the gruff old riding master had placed higher than a man's head. He dashed out from his place in the ranks, a smooth faced, slender young fellow on a powerful chestnut sorrel, and galloped down the opposite side of the hall, turned and went directly at the bar, the great horse increasing his pace as he neared it, and then, as if he and his rider were one, rising and clearing it with a magnificent bound. The leap is still recorded at the academy as "Grant's upon York."—St. Nicholas.

A Singular Marriage Custom.

The Kurds have a very curious and somewhat dangerous marriage custom which one would think would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. The husband, surrounded by a bodyguard of twenty or thirty young men, carries his wife home on his back in a scarlet cloth and is desperately assaulted the whole way by a number of girls. Sticks and stones are hurled at the bridegroom, who in the coming home with his bride can hardly be considered a very happy man, for the irate amazons often inflict on him marks which he carries to the grave. It may be that among the lady pursuers are some of the bridegroom's former "flames," who turn the mock attack into downright earnest to avenge slighted love.

Quite a Comfort.

"There was a time when they put men in jail for debt," said the bill collector severely.

"Well," answered the fretted citizen, "I don't know but a good stout jail, where your creditors couldn't send me cards or call you up on the telephone, would be a great deal of a comfort."—Washington Star.

Experience Would Tell.

"I want an easy chair," said the householder, entering the store.

"Yes, sir," said the salesman. "What sort?"

"I don't know yet," was the answer. "Let me look into the boss' office and see what he has. He ought to be a judge."—Buffalo Express.

A Marrying Man.

"Are you a marrying man?" was asked of a somber looking gentleman at a recent reception.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "I'm a clergyman."

Genius creates a work; genius keeps it from dying.—Emerson.

The DAIRY



CARE OF COW AND CALF.

The Effect of Precautions Before Birth
Are Farreaching and Must Not
Be Underestimated.

Throughout the months of April and May many cows become fresh, and each should have full four weeks' rest before time for the calf to arrive.

During these last four weeks she should be fed good, nutritious food, consisting of clover hay, with liberal messes of bran, and if necessary tonics and condition powders should be added to keep her in proper shape for the emergency to come.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred these careful attentions may not be necessary, and the cow will get along all right and apparently do as well to rough it, but who knows but that his cow may be the hundredth one and be lost from milk fever or some other disease that can be attributed to improper care?

A cow doesn't have to be fat to be in proper condition for calving. She should be in good enough condition to be strong and healthy. A fat cow may be in the very worst kind of condition, and this is the reason why so many fat cows die of milk fever after becoming fresh.

By all means keep the cow's appetite good and bowels loose, feed her properly and see that she gets plenty of exercise and good water. Then there will be little danger at calving time. In fact, the cow will come out all right with a big, strong, healthy calf that is well born and ready to start on the way for a good, healthy and profitable animal.

There is little to say about teaching the calf to drink milk, for most everybody has had his ups and downs at that, and each has his own way,



She Will Return Careful Treatment
With Interest.

which is always the best. But the calf should in very early life be taught to eat hay and oats.

Keep some good, bright clover hay where he can get at it at will. Keep a shallow box of oats where he can nose around it, and if the oats get stale clean out the box and put in a fresh supply.

In a very short time the calf will be eating both oats and hay, and after he has learned to eat well you can fool him by skimming the milk and putting a little water in if milk is scarce. By working him gradually you can work off some buttermilk on him, with other things as well, and he will grow and make a fine animal.

Don't turn him out when the first green grass comes, but keep him in a lot or paddock, where he can get exercise and go in the barn when he wants to, and feed him all the good clover hay he will eat in connection with his other feed, and you will have a calf that will "knock the socks off" any grass fed calf you ever saw.

The quarters of the calf should be kept clean at all times. If the bedding becomes soiled a fresh supply should be put in. The quarters, too, should be roomy, airy and light. If the sunshine can stream in all the time, so much the better. Sunshine is a great health promoter for all kinds of young things.

Plenty of Water For Calves. Calves, like other farm animals, get thirsty, even though milk forms a large part of their ration. Calves three months of age will drink as much as five quarts of water daily per head.

They drink often, sipping a little at a time. A half barrel, cleaned and replenished twice daily, will serve nicely as a water trough.

Another good device is an automatic waterer which may be easily cleaned, situated a little above the floor to keep out the litter. Salt is essential to the development of the calf, as of other animals, and should be kept continually available.

Give Thought to Feeding.

When you are feeding your cows remember that you are indirectly feeding the soil of your farm for larger crops and more general farm profits. It pays well in the end to purchase feeds when you do not grow enough on the farm.

Use Tin Milk Pails.

Don't use wooden milk pails. Tin makes the best milk containers for any purpose, provided the seams are smooth and there are no sharp angles to catch and hold minute portions of milk in which bacteria can breed.

Avoid Nervousness While Milking. Blanketing each cow while milking her will reduce her nervousness and switching while milking. The blanket may be shifted from one cow to another as each cow is finished.

A patient creates a work; genius keeps it from dying.—Emerson.



McCALL PATTERNS
10 AND
15
MORE HIGHER



50
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MISS WISE SERVANT.
She Was Too Well Posted on the Right
of Employer and Em-
ployed.

"Some girls may be green and easily imposed upon," said the woman, "but just as many more can give their employers points on law. The girl that came to my house the other day from an employment agency knew more in a minute about the rights of employer and employed than I would know in a year. About the first thing she did was to look out at that big hole in the ground at the other end of the lot, where they are preparing to build. She said:

"If I should break any dishes while that building is going up you couldn't make me pay for them."

"I asked why not, and she informed me that a girl working in a building that is likely to be shaken by blasting is protected by the same rule that governs employees in a dining car. Owing to the insecurity they are allowed \$20 a month for breakage. Dishes valued at less than \$20 may be smashed with impunity. She gave me a printed account of the trouble of two friends who had thrashed that matter out in court and had been sustained in their contention for a twenty dollar lawsuit. I didn't employ that girl. I don't want to impose upon any girl, but I didn't want to hire one who knows that she can smash my best dishes up to \$20 worth and get off without paying damages."—New York Press.

ANCIENT BRIDGES.

Some Built Before the Christian Era Still Standing in China.

Suspension bridges which were built in the time of the Han dynasty (202 B. C. to 220 A. D.) are still standing, striking examples of oriental engineering skill. According to historical and geographical writers of China, it was Shang Liang, Kao Tsu's chief of command, who undertook to construct the first public roads in the Fluvium empire.

At that time it was almost impossible for the province of Shensi to communicate with the capital. Lieng took an army of 10,000 workmen and cut great gorges through the mountains, filling up the canyons and valleys with the debris from his excavations. At places where deep gorges were traversed by large and rapidly flowing streams he actually carried out his plan of throwing suspension bridges, stretching from one slope to the other.

These crossings, appropriately styled "flying bridges" by early Chinese writers, are high and dangerous looking in the extreme. At the present day a bridge may still be seen in the Shensi which is 400 feet long and is stretched over a chasm more than 1,000 feet deep. How those early engineers erected such a structure with the tools and appliances at their command is a mystery which will probably never be explained.

Birds and Insect Life.

Men of science are generally agreed that birds are nature's great check on the excess of insects and that they maintain the balance between plant and insect life. Ten thousand caterpillars, it has been estimated, could destroy every blade of grass on an area of cultivated land. The insect population of a single cherry tree infested with aphides has been estimated by a prominent entomologist at no less than 12,000,000. The bird population of cultivated country districts has been estimated at from 700 to 1,000 per square mile. This is small compared with the number of insects, yet as each bird consumes hundreds of insects every day the latter are prevented from becoming the scourge they would be but for their feathered enemies.—Harper's Weekly.

A Paper Restaurant.

Hamburg, Germany, has an eating house made of paper. Its walls are composed of a double layer of paper stretched on frames and impregnated with a fire and water proof solution. A thin wooden partition affords further protection from the inclemency of the weather. Roofs and walls are fastened together by means of bolts and hinges so that the entire structure may be taken apart and put together again. The dining room itself measures 80 by 8 meters and is capable of accommodating 150 people. There are twenty-two windows and four skylights, and the heating is done by two isolated stoves. A side erection contains the manager's office, kitchen, larder and dwelling room. The total cost was \$850.—Detroit Free Press.

His Alternative.

Even at the tender age of four little Benny was considering his future occupation. "Mamma," he said, "when I'm a man I'm going to have a wagon and drive around collecting ashes."

"Why, Benny," exclaimed his mother in horror, "mamma doesn't want her little boy to be an ash man."

"Well, then," replied Benny with a very self sacrificing air, "I suppose I could collect swill."—Delineator.

An Anomaly.

The average young woman doesn't like to see her thirtieth birthday. Yet when she has seen it she would like to see it again.—Smart Set.

THE BEE

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BEST TREE IN THE ORCHARD.

There is a disposition on the part of some, and we might say many colored men, to harass, find fault, and intrigue against such colored officials who strive, in so far as they can, to assist the race by connecting themselves with churches, societies and enterprises whose aim is uplift for the race. Singularly, those colored men who do the most, make the greatest efforts, and really accomplish the most, are the men who must stand the most knocks from their own race. And the man who holds himself aloof from his people, connects himself with no society, no church or enterprise, may continue, uninterrupted, without so much as a kick being registered against him. If a man, a colored man, passes for white, absents himself from all gatherings of his people, patronizes white restaurants and barber shops to the exclusion of colored like places, and who neither attends or contributes to colored churches, that man is an immune against faultfinding, and he may serve for an indefinite time without complaint.

But after all, and in spite of all knocks, the man who really strives to do something, who knows his people at all places and at all times, and who mingles with and becomes a part of his race, is better for his unselfishness, and the race, in general, is better for having him. As you can tell the best tree in the orchard by the number of stones and sticks which lie about it, so you can tell the real race workers by the number of knockers they have. It is well for the race that these men who strive to do for the race, who lose no opportunity to assist the race, and who are colored men in every sense of the word on all occasions and in all places, do not become discouraged by the knocks they receive. Knockers are a species of human beings who can do nothing that is helpful—narrow-brained, selfish misfits in a world of useful activity. If you would bring home the wealth of the Indies, you must carry wealth to the Indies. Knockers bring nothing home, because they carry nothing with them which is a fair exchange for what they seek.

TAFT AT Y. M. C. A.

When President Taft appeared at Howard Theatre last Sunday in the interest of the Colored Y. M. C. A., he was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience of colored men. The greeting he received was sincere, and evidenced how much better the President is now understood by colored men. His remarks were earnest and as sincere as the greeting he received. As President Taft becomes better understood, it is realized that his intentions, his aim, and his purpose is to better the conditions of the race in every respect as he sees the needs.

And what an inspiration is an audience, to a man who desires to be of real benefit, such as was present to greet and hear the President. It was a fine body of intelligent, earnest men. They were men who are deeply interested in the betterment of their own race. On a hot day like last Sunday afternoon, when the thermometer registered nearly a hundred in the shade, for men to turn out in numbers to fill so spacious an auditorium as Howard Theatre, no further proof is needed to show how earnest they are and how appreciative they are of the President's efforts to render the race a real service.

Down in his heart, William Howard Taft has a desire and a

purpose to be of real beneficial service to this race of ours. Everything he does, and everything he says is meant for the people, all the people, whom he feels, and rightly, too, he must serve with as little regard for factional differences or race differences as is possible. Those who have his confidence, and know well his intent, know that his paramount aim is to secure the greatest good for all with the least possible friction.

It was a compliment to the race that he appeared to address the colored people last Sunday, and the race appreciates his efforts, and especially his efforts directed towards the completion of so worthy an institution as the Y. M. C. A., whose purpose is the moral and religious uplift and betterment of men.

PASSING STRANGE.

Among the most insistent colored men for office under President Taft are those who, prior to his nomination, after his nomination, and since could find no words in the English vocabulary sufficiently strong to denounce him. Men who were at Chicago in the vanguard of the little army of grafters, who for pride, were meeting, resolute, and vociferously denouncing him, are now the most pressing for office. And they want no ordinary office, but want the best. They are willing, and anxious, to push aside those colored men who bore the brunt of the battle, and who were the object of their denunciation and vilification because, forsooth, they espoused the cause of Mr. Taft, in order to make comfortable berths for themselves. But favors do not go to enemies, and blessings do not fall upon vilifiers. It is not the loyal men who are loudest in their demands that all loyal men be counted, but it is the insurrectos who are demanding, when an office is in sight, that they, the paid insurrectos, stand up and be counted for the few places which usually go to men, stanch and true. But were these insistent, clamorous Negro paid insurrectos all men of ability, we might possibly excuse their insistence; but when men who are almost illiterates, men who are little less than mere wardheeler and paid go-betweens, aspire to positions which call for brains, tact and ability, it is passing strange that real colored men should stand for them. But some colored men, just like some white men, do not appear to know their limitations. They only have brass enough to rush in where angels fear to tread.

THE SOUTH.

It is gratifying to the Bee to be able to state that the conditions in the South are improving. While the "Jim Crow" car law is still in vogue, many with whom we have talked seem to appreciate the enactment of such a law. We find that it is the lazy class of individuals that keep the more industrious class down. The Bee believes that the day will come when race prejudice will be entirely wiped out. There seems to be a more friendly feeling existing between the more highly educated class in the South. Race prejudice will continue to exist as long as ignorance continues to exist.

There are a great deal of improvements being made throughout the South, and the colored American is being benefited by them. The colored Americans South, notwithstanding their impediments, are succeeding.

THE PENSION BILL.

It is believed that the Board of Education will succeed in passing the teachers' pension bill. The teachers in our schools deserve more consideration than they receive. There are hundreds of teachers in our schools who are anxiously waiting for the passing of the bill. It is hard to force a teacher to give up his school on account of old age. A teacher should be encouraged, no matter how old he is. We should not disrespect old age. Old age is honorable. We have never thought that the teacher received enough money. Teaching is hard work, and those who don't think so should try it once.

A HIGH TRIBUTE.

That was a high tribute which Mrs. Mary E. Higginson, widow of the late Col. Thomas W. Higginson, paid Dr. Booker T. Washington when she invited him to serve as one of the honorary pallbearers at the funeral of her late husband.

The other honorary pallbearers were the following: President Charles W. Eliot, President A. Lawrence Lowell, former Gov. John D. Long, Charles Francis Adams, Dr. Edward Emerson, George F. Mifflin, Rev. Edward

Cummings, and Col. N. P. Hallwell.

Yes, it's hot.

But there's a hotter place.

Candidates for the Haitian mission are hot tumols.

With both Judge Terrell, and "ye editor" invading the South, it's likely to be dull here this week.

"Dr. Kelly Miller, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Haiti." That sounds good. And stranger things have happened, too.

Lewis Johnson is certainly the unadulterated article when it comes to keeping the Y. M. C. A. movement alive and afame with enthusiasm.

Here's a recipe for comfortableness during these hot days: Keep busy, mind your own business, speak well of your fellow-man, and refrain from knocking.

Judge M. W. Gibbs has reduced to a science this thing they call longevity. The Judge takes life easy, has a kind word for every man, never knocks—just boosts, and lives the simple life. Hence his eight and eighty ripe, full years of contentment.

The High School Cadets' drill last Thursday week was a brilliant spectacle, and the young fellows who drilled covered themselves with glory. The Bee, with all the race, is proud of our colored cadets. They are embryotic soldiers with the discipline of seasoned warriors, thanks to Major Brooks' incomparable training.

EDITOR CHASE HERE.

Colored Writer Greatly Pleased With This Town.

From the Durham, N. C., Daily Herald.

Editor W. Calvin Chase, who issues the Washington Bee weekly, is in Durham until Thursday and is attending the commencement at the National Religious Training School.

A writer in the class of Thomas Fortune and one of the ablest newspaper men of his race, minus the prophets of eternal hopelessness, is Editor Chase. Of Jack Johnson color and more inclination to fight the devilish things that deserve to die, Editor Chase makes The Bee a power of good and writes good stuff every week. He lives in Washington, and many things there flock him on the raw, for which he makes frequent and lusty kicks. The hardest raps that Dr. Du Bois receives are from Chase's stinging Bee.

He thinks well of Durham. "The white people are treating the colored people finely here," he said, and he will write of it in his National organ when he returns. Just at this time, Durham is gaining a publicity that it badly needs. There has been not a little of blind tiger news and things that hurt. Booker T. Washington has written gloriously of Durham. Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois has found here the one hopeful sign on earth, and Editor Calvin Chase will top them both in his several accounts.

HONORARY PALLBEARER.

Boston, Mass., May 13.—The long friendship which existed between Dr. Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute, and the late Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson was emphasized by the following telegram sent by Mrs. Mary E. Higginson to Dr. Washington after the death of Colonel Higginson:

"Can you serve as honorary pallbearer at Colonel Higginson's funeral, Cambridge, Mass., Friday, 4 o'clock?"

MARY E. HIGGINSON?

Dr. Washington's response to Mrs. Higginson's telegram was as follows: "Charlottesville, Va., May 10, 1917. Mrs. Mary E. Higginson, Cambridge, Mass."

"Your telegram reaches me on my way South. But for fact that definite and positive engagements absolutely forbid my being in Cambridge on Friday I should be very glad to act as honorary pallbearer. I regret my absence more than I can explain. I had the very deepest respect and love for Colonel Higginson. He was one of the greatest benefactors of my race, and we shall always treasure his memory."

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON."

Rev. S. Geriah Lampkins Resigns. The regular business meeting of the Tenth Street Baptist Church was held Friday, May 19, for the purpose of considering the resignation from the pastorate of the church of the Rev. S. Geriah Lampkins.

After long consideration the congregation agreed to accept the resignation, to be immediately effective, and the pulpit was declared vacant. At the same meeting it was decided to reorganize the Board of Trustees. Rev. Lampkins relinquishing his membership thereon. Both measures were adopted without a dissenting voice. Rev. Lampkins remains a member of the church.

DR. MORSE.

Talking about enterprise, Dr. John W. Morse, the well-known druggist at the corner of 10th and L streets, has made a purchase of a large lot near his present store, where he intends to build a large, up-to-date drug store. It will be the largest in the city and far superior to any in the West End. Dr. Morse is an enterprising druggist in the city. The Bee extends its congratulations to this enterprising young man.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

Last Sunday, when the mercury in the thermometer was doing a Jack the Steeple Climber act by painting the flagstaff a lurid heated color, and my wife was out gathering coupons for Rev. Rivers, I hid myself to my library and rummaged among my books surcised with knowledge. Now, my library never had a patron like Steel King Carnegie, so it consists of about only a dozen or so stray books—mostly borrowed books. I read up on a lot of archaeological ruminings who flourished prior to the time when colored men were free moral agents. I scanned the life of old Gesenius, and Gervinus; speculated a little with old Habakkuk and Hammann, and reflected upon the accomplishments of that semile critter known in history as Harpocration. Of course, there are no bugs on the Doctor. And he's a fine looking chap, too. Much better looking than his picture. Can't any one say Dr. Wilder has not made a success of life. He's cornered success, and bet that old tintype of yours, he'll keep it cornered. Go it, Doc. You are all wool and one full yard wide in any country.

William Calvin Chase, the sage who issues news, accompanied with a rain check, from 1109 Eye Street, packed his trunk Saturday and headed straight for Dancy's State, where he will conifer, and incidentally extract, with and from Dr. Shepard. I met him at the station, just as he rolled up in a taxi, and let me tell you, he looked some pumpkins. The old editor was dressed within one inch of his life. In his trunk, besides his dress suit, five change of underwear, 16 collars, and a recipe for getting the geld, he had several writeups that are worth something to a long-headed fellow.

When the waiters, attendants and traveling public saw Chase enter the station waiting room to take his train, all gave him the grand salaam, and all took him for a Rajah of some country in the vicinity of Persia. Your Uncle Calvin went traveling in style, too. Had a state room, and all that goes with one, and had a few sultry dollars in his trouser pockets. I'll bet when he strikes Durham, N. C., he'll make the natives of that tobacco berg know that he's with them, and I'll bet Dr. Shepard will know it, too, before Calvin charts a special train for his return. Your Uncle Calvin is no Bahá follower—that's too slow. He's, what you might call a resumptionist, always in favor of resuming payment on any basis. Funny about big Bill Chase—we old timers call him Bill, you never saw him when he couldn't make a rifle. Never saw him when he didn't look prosperous. Never saw him when he couldn't call your hand. He's always next.

THE POWER OF SPIRIT.

The New York Age, in its issue of Thursday, May 11, contains a significant editorial. It is an editorial detailing how a girl in the South who is being educated at a school founded and conducted by one of Booker T. Washington's graduates "swept the boards" in a contest with all the negro colleges and universities of Mississippi recently. But we will let the editorial speak for itself. The Age says:

"Two weeks ago more than a thousand people gathered in the American Theater, in Jackson, Miss., to witness an oratorical contest. Not since Jeems Katydild Vardaman first dropped from the glorious dews of Leflore has anything stirred the people of this quiet old Commonwealth as this contest stirred them. Excursions were arranged from nearby towns, and educators from afar gathered to hear the orators of to-morrow give a sign today as to the well-being of the greatest art in the future. Judges were picked with care, and the places of the orators were chosen with stern dignity. It was an occasion in the life of the State.

The leading colleges sent their star-takers to compete in a talking-fest. Tougaloo, Natchez College, Jackson College, Rust University—all the lighthouses lend watchmen, and their keepers had seats on the platform. Great was the enthusiasm as each speaker, under his title, dressed thoughts in wondrous words and sent them ringing down the ages. In the midst of the program a girl, a plantation girl, was presented. She came to speak for Utica Institute, the one school represented on that occasion that makes no pretense at "college training." She chose for her subject "Ye Are the Salt of the Earth." Her manner, her speech, its dress and power, captivated the audience as she proceeded. A homely subject she graced with all the faith of a struggling and determined youth. One sentence plucked the honor: "Often do I contemplate the character of great Eliot, the New England scholar, who discovered the true usage of knowledge, and gave Harvard its curriculum. But there is another in whose fame I find my hope; that Merino-haired negro working out God's plans in iron-belted Alabama." This simple girl touched the spirit of the present, and defined the awakening of her race. First prize she won by a unanimous vote.

Here was a girl from an "industrial" school, as they call it, pitted against strong young men from five "colleges" in a contest of thought. How or why she won seems to be mystifying to many in her State. But not to us. She was a child of the spirit; her competitors children of the letter. She learned her lessons from one who had caught the inspiration of a useful life from Booker Washington, a master mind working under the spirit. Education is not letters, but spirit, which produces thoughts and gives to it a moving speech. The erudite Paul, around whom is built all the logic of Christianity, had great learning, and was proud of it, talking of it often and without reserve. But when he reached the end of his recital it was Gamaliel to whom he turned to prove his powers. At Gamaliel's feet he had sat.

To have sat in humility at the foot of Booker T. Washington, "a master spirit for the Nation's need," as Holtzclaw did, and as many another has done, is to have caught the spirit of education, and to have caught enough of it to give it freely to all who may seek it.

The girl from Holtzclaw's school simply got down to the fundamentals, and without any sophistry talked apparently in a sensible, whole-souled way, and simply "put to the bad" the colleges and universities which sent representatives to engage in the contest with her.

P. S. A. L. Notes.

Every school of more than two rooms was represented on the baseball field by a team which entered a

tournament for the championship of the 12th and 13th divisions. Chairman Keyes, of the 12th D. A. L. Games Committee, reports that after the elimination series was played, the Alfred Jones School, of which Miss Chase is principal, won. The final game was played with Deanwood School, and after a lively contest, Jones conquered by the score of 10 to 8.

President Clarke, of the 13th D. A. L., has received the report of Chairman John Syphax, of the Games Committee, that Bell School has captured the championship of that division. Coached by Mr. Ferdinand Amos, the Bell School team has a clean slate, winding up its season with a victory over Birney School, of Anacostia, which displayed excellent form throughout the season, and by many were considered the best team. Chairman Wilkerson, of the 11th Division League Games Committee, and Chairman Guy, of the 10th D. A. L. Games Committee, are still in the midst of their tournaments. As soon as the champions of these two leagues are decided, the P. S. A. L. Games Committee will arrange the championship series between the four division winners. A serial championship, instead of an elimination series, will be played.

Alfred Jones School boys played an open-air basketball game with Baneker boys and were defeated by the score of 14 to 4. The Baneker boys were stronger and more experienced, while Jones boys have only recently received any instructions in basketball. An excellent spirit exists among the pupils of Jones School, as was evinced during the entertainment and game last week. Miss Chase remarked that the discipline is made easier and school pride has been greatly enhanced, due to the introduction of school athletics in her school. Principal M. E. Gibbs, of Stevens School, not only has developed school pride and athletics in her school for boys, but has planned to have girls get the benefits of athletic games properly governed. Tennis, tether ball, volleyball and basketball are some of the games introduced. Dr. Gibbs on one occasion doubted the ability to give time to the encouragement of school athletics, but no school has done more to develop opportunities for healthy growth of the moral and physical condition of school pupils than has this principal. Her teachers, all ladies, and Mr. Smiler, have worked hand in hand in interested fashion for results.

Now that the drill is over, track athletics of the local high schools will be running togs and put on finishing touches for the coming meets during the next 60 days. The big championship meet on May 30 will test the prowess and skill of athletes in this section of the country. Harry Brown, the premier quarter miler of Brooklyn, N. Y., will be on hand to match his running with the fleet Desmin, of Howard University, in a match quarter-mile feature. Dunbar Athletic Club, of Baltimore, will send over a score of seasoned and promising athletes who will try to duplicate their performances of past seasons.

Lincoln University will probably be represented by some sterling runners. The officials will all be experienced men, which insures smoothness in running the meet.

The officials are: Referee, G. C. Wilkinson; starter, H. G. Douglass; clerk of the course, R. N. Mattingly and J. Clifford; scorers, W. L. Smith and R. R. Green; timers, E. Marshall, W. G. Giles, B. Washington; judges of track, Hon. W. A. Lewis, E. C. Williams, J. E. Walker; field judges, W. A. Decatur, J. C. Payne, W. Hamilton, A. Lewis, J. A. Callis; announcers, J. M. Saunders and G. H. Murray; marshals, A. C. Newman, A. K. Savoy; inspectors, G. S. Wormley, E. Clark, M. Clifford, J. Chestnut; field physicians, Dr. A. M. Curtis and Dr. M. A. Francis. In charge of elementary school boys: N. L. Guy, J. N. Wilkerson; general manager, E. B. Henderson.

CLOSING SESSIONS HELD.

Last Day of Conference of Colored Churchmen.



The lure of Spring is bringing hundreds of happy promenaders along the popular Fourteenth street thoroughfare, and as usual, they fall in at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912½ Fourteenth street, "the place where everybody meets everybody else," or you see them enjoying those delicious sodas at Ninth and You streets, the popular "Lookout Corner" of Board & McGuire.

Mrs. Barbara Oliver, of Connecticut, who spent the Winter in this city the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mrs. H. E. Toppin, of 45 Hanover Street, has returned to her home after a pleasant stay.

Mr. Alfred W. Toppin, Jr., who has been confined to his home on account of sickness, is now out again.

The marriage of Miss Roberta Scott and Mr. James Wood took place at the bride's parents on New Jersey Avenue, Northwest, Wednesday evening.

Judge Robert Terrell delivered the commencement address at Tuskegee Institute on Thursday.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss M. Josephine Golden and Mr. Frederick Morton to take place June 6.

Mr. Louis H. Fisher left the city this week for Newark, N. J., and Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Fisher will return next Fall.

The May cantata "Queen o' the May," presented by the Sundyschools of Asbury M. E. Church last Tuesday evening was a grand success. The large audience thoroughly enjoyed the performance. Refreshments were served under the direction of the Queen Esther Circle.

The St. Luke's Sundyschool is preparing for its annual outing at Washington Park on June 21. Full particulars will appear in our advertising columns.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

Miss Margery Hubbard, of Denver, Colo., is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Conner.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Dudley are the guests of Mrs. Thomas Watson.

Miss Gertrude Ryan is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Robert Givens, of 418 West 155th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Miss Julia M. Jones and Mrs. William M. Webster, of Baltimore, Md., were the guests of Mrs. Garner Maberry on last Sunday.

Mr. William Cornish has returned to Baltimore after a delightful visit to this city.

Miss Elizabeth Jackson, of Harrisburg, Pa., has come to this city to reside permanently.

Mr. John Royer, of Williamsport, Pa., was here on a visit last week.

The Revs. John Fisher, W. H. Marshall, E. D. W. Jones, Thomas Smith and John Quincy Adams, of Harrisburg, Pa., were here last week in attendance to the Conference of the A. M. Zion Church.

Miss Lottie Parker, of Rochester, N. Y., was here last week.

Dr. Morse has the finest assortment of candies and toilet articles that can be purchased anywhere in the city.

Mrs. Sadie Dade is visiting her father, Rev. Green, in New Orleans, La.

Miss Helen Jackson, who was royally entertained during her stay in this city, has returned to her home in Chicago, Ill.

Mr. James Reese Europe is spending several days here with his family.

The annual commencement of the School for Trained Nurses of Freedmen's Hospital, was held at Andrew Rankin Memorial Chapel on last Friday night when Misses Clara E. Blackburn, Eva Virginia Clay, Edna Mac Coates, Emily Estella Green, Sara Elizabeth Grisby, Florence M. Harris, Jennie C. Hopkins, Bessie Boyd Patton, Ida J. Piper, Mae Irene Price, Nettie Bentley Stevens, Lula Eainestine Thompson and Martella M. York were awarded diplomas.

Mrs. J. B. Seales, of Mt. Holly, N. J., is the guest of Capt. and Mrs. E. L. Webster.

Don't pass Morse's Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest.

Rev. Henderson, of Atlantic City, N. J., was in attendance here last week to the Conference.

Mrs. Martha Henry, formerly of this city, will visit Mrs. Hiram H. Ball, of 1018 20th Street, very soon. She is better known as Miss Martha Grady, formerly a famous worker in the 10th Street Baptist Church.

Rev. W. A. Rice, a graduate of Lincoln University, has just returned to this city after a very pleasant visit to Charlotte, N. C., where he visited relatives and friends.

Mr. Frank S. Tucker, accompanied by Lawyer Walter Land and Mr. David Brewer, of Norfolk, Va., are visiting friends here.

Mr. George Robinson, of this city, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Margarette Randall, in Pine Street, Suffolk, Va.

Dr. G. W. Miller, of 3552 Forest Avenue, Chicago, Ill., is here on a six weeks' visit. During his stay he will pursue a post course in surgery.

Col. H. L. Johnson, Recorder of Deeds, was in Atlanta, Ga., last week.

Dr. Morse, who has the finest drug store in the West End, also has the best prescription compounding. Dr. Morse, who is also a registered pharmacist, never makes a mistake. Call 19th and L streets northwest.

Mrs. Gertrude Webb and son, Charles, of Dodge City, Kan., are visiting here.

Mrs. Florence Harris Young, who was called to Mobile, Ala., because of her brother's illness, has returned to this city.

Mrs. J. Edgar Dibble, of Kansas City, Mo., is in the city attending her mother, who is sick.

Nothing funny about it. People just like to deal at the drug stores of Board & McGuire at 1912½ Fourteenth street northwest and at Ninth and U streets northwest, two places where everybody meets everybody.

A song service was given at the Berean Baptist Church on last Sunday evening under the auspices of Mrs. F. F. Weir's Sundyschool class. The following program was rendered:

Mr. Louis N. Brown, the accomplished young organist of Mt. Zion M. E. church played Sunday evening like a veteran organist and received numerous congratulations after the musical.

The Junior Choir chorus work was more than commendable to their worthy instructor, Mr. James T. Beauchamp, who has one of the best junior choirs in the city.

The musicale is to be repeated early in the Fall and will be an acceptable musical feature in this session.

Rev. E. E. Ricks is to be congratulated upon the success of the First Baptist Church rally on Sunday last. Eleven hundred dollars was realized, and it is expected to reach the twelve hundred dollar mark Sunday.

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The Making of Lenses.

The essential part of any device for the study of the starry millions—the suns, planets, comets and the nebulae that are perhaps new worlds in the making—is the lens or the optical train that consists of a series of lenses. It is this that makes the modern science of astronomy possible. There is absolutely no other human occupation that requires the accuracy of observation and the delicacy of touch that are requisite for the making of the finest lenses. These are the most perfect products of human hands. It may convey some idea of the labor required in the making of a large lens to say that at least one year's time is required for the grinding and polishing of a thirty inch object glass. A little lens two inches in diameter requires the unremitting care and attention of a skilled workman for two or three days. It is easy, then, to see why it is that even lenses of high class photographic work are costly. A forty inch object glass for a large telescope cannot be made in much less than four years' time, and if everything does not go just right it may require much longer than that.—*Kansas City Star.*

Persian Jests.

An exceedingly ugly man, says the Persian Joe Miller, was once in the mosque, asking pardon of Allah for his sins and praying to be delivered from the fires of hell. One who overheard his prayers said to him: "Wherefore, O friend, wouldst thou cheat hell of such a countenance? Art thou reluctant to burn up a face like that?"

Another story the Persian jester tells is that a certain person with a hideous nose was once on a time wooing a woman. Describing himself to her and trying to make an attractive picture, he said, "I am a man devoid of lightness and frivolity, and I am patient in bearing afflictions!"

"Aye," said the woman, "Wert thou not patient in bearing afflictions thou hadst never endured thy nose these forty years!"

All of which is more witty than kind.—*Harper's.*

Bohemians and Wedding Rings.

"Here are two wedding rings that I have just made over," said the jeweler. "They are for Bohemian women. They lost their own rings, so they had their husbands' rings cut down to fit. That is a custom in their country. Both husband and wife wear wedding rings there. If the man loses his ring he has to buy a new one, but if the woman loses hers she wears her husband's. I do a good deal of that kind of work. Other women who lose wedding rings just buy another one and say nothing about it, but these women are too conscientious for that. Usually I have to make the man's ring smaller, but once in awhile it has to be spliced to make it fit. The women are always considerably chagrined over the splicing and offer all kinds of explanations to account for their big fingers."—*New York Sun.*

The Roulette Ball.

That capricious little ball that decides our fortunes at the ever fascinating game of roulette at Monte Carlo occasionally flies from the skillful croupier's hand, though not often. One afternoon it slipped from its manipulator's fingers and found its way into an Englishman's coat pocket. So impressed was the Englishman that he promptly lost a couple of hundred pounds. But the little ball once found a far stranger destination than that. Escaping from the croupier's hand, it flew straight into the mouth of a German onlooker, and he was so impressed that he promptly swallowed it.—*London Bystander.*

Tea in Paraguay.

When the natives of Paraguay drink tea they do not pour it from a teapot into a cup, but fill a goblet made out of a pumpkin or gourd and then suck up the hot liquid through a long reed. Moreover, the tea which they use is altogether different from that which comes from China, being made out of dried and roasted leaves of a palm-like plant which grows in Paraguay and southern Brazil. The natives say that this tea is an excellent remedy for fever and rheumatism.

Sparrowgrass.

It is stated that a well known riddle was written by a costermonger. The riddle in question is charade and runs as follows:

My first's a little bird as 'ope;
My second's needful in 'ay crops;
My 'ole is good with muttoo chops.

The answer, of course, is "sparrow-grass," which the learned Dr. Parr always insisted on using in preference to the politer "asparagus."—*London Notes and Queries.*

A Real Poet.

"Poetry," said the literary girl, "is the art of expressing intense feeling in figurative speech."

"In that case," replied Miss Cayenne, "the man who writes baseball news is sure a poet."—*Washington Star.*

She Wanted to Know.

Bridgeman—Now that we are married, darling, we must have no more secrets from each other. Bride—Then tell me truly, Jack, how much did you really pay for that engagement ring?—*Illustrated Bits.*

She Was Numerous.

"I want a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man. "Funny, isn't it?" commented the clerk. "That makes 1,000 licenses for that girl this season."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as of being so myself.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

In New York City there is great enthusiasm being manifested at St. Philip's Episcopal Church. There has been provided for amusement pool and billiard tables, card rooms, and occasional dances, like many white churches. The plan is meeting with the hearty approval of some and the criticism of others.

The colored Americans of Peoria, Ill., are to be rewarded for standing by the Republican ticket. A colored fire company is promised them.

Upwards of 100 business and professional colored men are recorded in the business directory of Birmingham, Ala. This shows remarkable progress.

Two hundred dollars had to be paid by the Temple Theater of Rochester for violating the Civil Rights law. Mrs. Susan Joyner, a colored lady, was refused admission to occupy a box seat. It was decided that law-abiding citizens ought to be protected by those in authority, and operators of such theaters hereafter shall be punished to the full extent of the law.

A gentleman in Rochester, N. Y., has just contributed \$10,000 in cash to Tuskegee Institute in Alabama.

John E. McCrea, who served as Lincoln's personal courier during the civil war times, carrying dispatches between the White House and the front, died last week at his home in New York.

Rumor has it that W. T. Vernon, former Register of the Treasury, will be named to fill the diplomatic post which was formerly held by Henry W. Furniss as Minister to Haiti.

Thirty-six new postal savings banks have been established by Postmaster-General Hitchcock to begin operations about June 1.

Joseph Cordat, a gardener, of Lenox, Mass., refused an offer of \$1,000 for three ancient English pines which he dug up there. Two of

the pennies bear portraits of George III, and are dated 1777, the other a portrait of George II, and dated 1742.

Andrew Carnegie has given \$100,000 more to the original gift of \$750,000 for the construction of the handsome home of the Pan-American Union. Mr. Carnegie is hailed as the "great apostle of peace" and "benefactor of humanity" by President Taft.

A huge boulder bearing a descriptive tablet of bronze will be unveiled to the memory of Abraham Lincoln on the spot where he stood July 12, 47 years after the memorable engagement in which Lincoln played so conspicuously a part.

Fifty members of the Cincinnati Commercial Club, who were President Taft's boyhood friends, have announced their intention to come to this city to help President Taft to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his wed-

ding, June 20.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE NEGRO.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912.

For some years past I have had in mind to invite here from different parts of the world—from Europe, Africa, the West Indies and North and South America—persons who are actively interested or directly engaged as missionaries, or otherwise, in the work that is going on in Africa and elsewhere for the education and up-building of Negro peoples.

For this purpose it has been determined to hold at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912, a little more than a year from this time, an international conference on the Negro. Such a conference as this will offer the opportunity for those engaged in any kind of service in Af-

rica, or the countries above mentioned, to become more intimately acquainted with the work and the problems of Africa and these other countries. Such a meeting will be valuable and helpful, also, in so far as it will give opportunity for a general interchange of ideas in organizing and systematizing the work of education of the native peoples in Africa and elsewhere and the preparation of teachers for that work. Wider knowledge of the work that each is doing should open means of co-operation that do not now exist.

The object of calling this conference at Tuskegee Institute is to afford an opportunity for studying the methods employed in helping the Negro people of the United States, with a view of deciding to what extent Tuskegee and Hampton methods may be applied to conditions in these countries, as well as to conditions in Africa.

It is hoped that numbers of people representing the different governments interested in Africa and the West Indies, as well as representatives from the United States and the countries of South America, will decide to attend this conference. Especially is it urged that missionary and other workers in these various countries be present and take an active part in the deliberations of the conference.

It is desirable, in any case, to have any suggestions as to what might be done to make the work of the conference more helpful to all concerned.

The names of persons who would like to be present, with whom you are acquainted, will be appreciated, and through you they are invited to be present and take part in the deliberations of the conference.

Those who come to Tuskegee properly accredited will be welcomed and entertained as guests of the institution, and will be under no expense during their stay here.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

Water Under Deserts.

Some of the most curious phenomena of the world are the underground water supplies beneath deserts. In the Rajputana deserts water is held in vast quantities in sandstone beds under the scorched surface and is drawn up from wells sunk into the strata.

Bikaner raises its wells in the midst of a weary, almost rainless waste of sand and depends on these hidden cisterns for its very existence. Whence it comes, where is the outfall and what quantity runs under the baked sand remain a mystery. In one well at Bikaner it has been ascertained that the water supply is equal to 20,000 gallons an hour, which is held to point to the conclusion that there is an enormous subterranean flow and that the snow fed rivers of the Himalayas must be the source. People in Bikaner say that pieces of wood dropped into one well have come up in another. The idea of an underground river opens up a wide range of possibilities to the imagination.—*Times of India.*

Dashing into Danger.

"When I was younger," a big Broadway traffic cop remarked, "I used to cuss at everybody who insisted on dashing across the street in front of a car or truck. I cuss the act still, but not the person. Fact is, I've learned that a majority of people just can't help it. An approaching vehicle about to cross their path is like a red rag to a bull. It's a sort of challenge, a dare. And the impulse to defeat its purpose can't be controlled. There isn't any plan of action. It's a case of dash first and think afterward, and sometimes, of course, the thinking is done in a hospital.

"It's a sort of disease of the nerves, I guess, because the head of a business house will do this fool thing just as quick as his errand boy will. But the car and the driver are to blame whenever there's a miscalculation."—*New York Globe.*

Fenced In.

Near Harvard square, in Cambridge, stands the old elm under which Washington first took command of the American army. Around this tree is an iron picket fence inclosure perhaps a couple of rods across. One night a man who had imbibed too freely stumbled against this circular fence. Grasping one picket after another, he groped his way painfully round and round the outside of the inclosure about a dozen times. Finally he sank down in utter despair. "Oh, ain't it awful-fenced in and no gate to get out of it!" said he as a party of students rescued him and took him home.—*National Monthly.*

A Memory of Edwin Booth.

My season with Edwin Booth was delightful. I found him one of the kindest and pleasantest men of the profession. He also possessed what I consider a great quality—simplicity of manner. Some stars have the idea that it is necessary to be haughty and inaccessible with the members of their companies. They put on airs. They like to crush their fellow actors and pose as a kind of divinity before them. —From Mme. Modjeska's "Memoirs" in Century.

A Story of Robespierre.

The story is told of Robespierre that at one time when at the height of his power a lady called upon him, beseeching him to spare her husband's life. He scornfully refused. As she turned away she happened to tread upon the paw of his pet dog. He turned upon her and asked, "Madam, have you no humanity?"

On the Safe Side.

"May I see my father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of 'T.T.'"

"Certainly, my boy. What for?"

"He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go."—*Buffalo Express.*

The Advantages.

Tenant—Look here that house I took from you is extremely damp. House Agent (bluntly)—Well, don't you see the great advantage of that? If it gets on fire it won't burn.

Right and Wrong.

Things should not be done by halves. If it is right, do it boldly; if it is wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

A really great man is known by three signs—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution and moderation in success.—Bismarck.

Made a Noise.

"He didn't win the prize in the life race, did he?"

"No, but he hollered like he had it, and some people died sayin' of him."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Armed For Peace.

Wife—Will your disarmament meeting finish late? Husband—Yes, about midnight, I expect. But don't be nervous. I shall have my revolver.—*Evening*.

James H Winslow

UNDERTAKER AND EMBLAMER.

ALL WORK FIRST CLASS. TERMS MOST REASONABLE

TWELFTH AND R STREETS, N. W.

James H. Dabney

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Hiring, Livery and Sale Stable.

Carriages hired for funerals, parties, balls, receptions, etc. Horses and carriages kept in first-class style. Satisfaction guaranteed. Business at 1132 Third street northwest. Main office branch at 222 More street, Alexandria, Va.

Telephone for Office, Main 1727.

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OUR STABLES IN FREEMAN'S ALLEY,
Where I can accommodate 50 Horses.

Call and inspect our new and modern stable.

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LADIES LOOK!

The Magic will not burn or injure the hair if it is used correctly. After a shampoo or bath the hair dries very quickly and the dandruff is well straightened. The comb is never heated.

The Magic Heater is easily detached from the heating bar, then, after the bar is heated, the comb goes back into place and is held by the heating bar.

The Magic Heater is also suitable for curling irons; has a cover and can be carried in a hand bag.

Magic Shampoo Drier \$1.00. Magic Alcohol Heater \$0.50. Liberal terms to agents.

Write for literature today.

Magic Shampoo Drier Co.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Is Your Hair Beautiful

Soft, Silky and Long?



Does it comb easily without breaking?
Is it straight?
Does it smooth out nicely?
Can you do it up in any of the charming styles, as it will stay, and make you proud of it?
Is it long and full of life?
If you cannot say YES to all of the above questions, then you need

Nelson's Hair Dressing

NELSON'S HAIR DRESSING is the finest hair pomade on the market for colored people. It makes your hair grow fast; it makes stubborn, kinky and tangled hair as soft and supple as silk. It makes healthy, it keeps it from splitting or breaking off. It makes hair rich and gives it that charm so longed for by all true ladies.

Use Nelson's Hair Dressing and you'll never have dandruff. Your head will keep clean. The roots of your hair will have the necessary amount of oil. You will never have scalp disease. You will be delighted with its delicate perfume.

Nelson's Hair Dressing is put up in handsome four-ounce square tin boxes, like the lady holds in her hand. Druggists and agents everywhere sell it at 25 cents a box. If you can't get it, send us 30 cents and we will mail you a full size box postpaid. Go and buy it now, or sit right down and write us. Address

NELSON MANUFACTURING CO., Richmond, Va.
Live Agents Wanted. Write Quick for Terms.

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OUR \$2.50 AND \$3 SHOES ARE
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ENGLAND'S LIGHTHOUSES.

The Seven Districts Are Controlled by a Board Known as the "Elder Brethren."

The lighthouse service of England is controlled by a board composed of thirteen "elder brethren." When a vacancy occurs one of the "younger brethren" is selected by the "elder brethren" to fill it. The position is for life, and the salary is £500 a year. Any commanding officer of the navy or master of the merchant marine is eligible for election as one of the "younger brethren" by the "elder brethren." There is no salary attached to the position, but they are eligible for election as one of the "elder brethren."

England is divided into seven lighthouse districts, each in charge of a superintendent. The superintendents are persons who enter the service as apprentices at the age of thirteen and have worked up to the position of master on board of a steam tender. They are selected for the position of superintendent by the "elder brethren." A superintendent has control

of his district.

Lightkeepers are appointed for life. They enter the service between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, and their salaries are regulated according to length of service and not according to station. Lightkeepers, as well as the other employees of the lighthouse service are pensioned when too old to perform duty. There is a regular lightship service, also for life, and the officers are selected from the men. The men enter between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, but must have been at sea. They are then eligible to work up to lamplighter, mate and master. These men are pensioned when too old to serve.

BIZET AND HALEVY.

The Story of the Origin of a Popular Air in "Carmen."

Bizet, the composer of the world famous opera "Carmen," and Halevy, his librettist, once occupied apartments whose outer doors opened on the same landing. As soon as he had finished an air Bizet would hasten to submit it to his neighbor, who subjected it to the most severe criticism. From morning to night the piano resounded in the composer's apartments. One night Bizet finished a dramatic bit in which he flattered himself he had successfully sketched the pride of a triumphant toroeador after a successful bullfight. But Halevy listened in silence and showed but a moderate enthusiasm. Bizet, somewhat piqued, asked the cause of this coldness.

"It's good, I admit," said Halevy. "In fact, it's too good. It lacks movement; it lacks snap—in short, it's not popular enough."

"Not popular enough!" shouted the piqued composer. "Do you want to write for the slums?" He went out in a huff, but soon relented and in an hour returned with another air. "Listen to this," said he. "Here is my toroeador idea written down to your popular level." It was indeed the song of the toroeador and the only one which on the first night received an encore and seemed to move the first night audience from its torpor.

Speak For Yourself, John.

The Lord Leicester of a century ago had no sons by his first marriage and, being well on in years, was anxious to see his heir apparent, a nephew, happily wedded. His wish was that a charming daughter of his neighbor, the Earl of Albemarle, should be the future Lady Leicester. With her and her sisters he used to enjoy his morning rides. One morning she came alone, and during the ride he asked, thinking to forward his nephew's interests, "Anne, my dear, how should you like to be mistress of Holkham?" "There is nothing I should like better," she replied. "Then I shall send my nephew William to court you," said the earl, glad that the fates seemed to favor his project. But the lady calmly and gravely answered, "I shall never be mistress of Holkham on those terms." "Why," exclaimed the astonished old gentleman, looking the lady hard in the face, "you don't mean to say you would marry me?" "Yes, indeed I would," was the answer, "and nothing I should wish better." And as a consequence the nephew did not succeed to the earldom.—London Chronicle.

The Power of Paderewski.

A hard headed business man went to hear Paderewski play, says A. E. Thomas in Success Magazine. The man is not a musician. He spends his days trying to buy cotton when it is low and sell it when it is high. This is how he described his experience at the piano recital.

"You know, I'm not easily stirred up, and I don't know anything about music. I wouldn't know whether a man was playing the piano extremely well or just fairly well. But I do know that Paderewski played one thing that afternoon that stirred me up as I never was stirred in my life. I don't remember what it was. I couldn't have told whether he was playing an hour or five minutes. All I know is that it stirred up feelings within me I had never felt before. Great waves of emotion swept over me. I wanted to shout and I wanted to cry, and when the last chord was struck I found myself on my feet waving my umbrella and shouting like a wild Indian. I went out of that hall as weak as a rag and happier than I'd been in years. I can't account for it. I've tried, but I can't explain it. Can you?"

Perseverance.

Timour, the great Asiatic conqueror, commonly known by the name of Tamerlane, had extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had once undertaken, and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all around him to despair. On such occasions he used to relate to his friend an anecdote of his early life. "Once," he said, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground, but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson."

The Landscape Near Jerusalem.

The country about Jerusalem is essentially a pale country. Indeed, I often thought it looked stricken, as if its pallor had come upon it abruptly, had been sent to it as a visitation. I was not sorry that I saw it first under grayness and swept by winds. The grayness, the winds, seemed to me to emphasize its truth, to drive home its reality. And there was something noble in its candor. Even nature can take on an aspect of trickiness at times, or at least a certain coquetry, a dauntless not wholly free from suggestions of artificiality. The landscape in the midst of which Jerusalem lies is dreary, is sad; in stormy weather is almost forbidding. Yet it has a bare frankness that renders it dignified, a large simplicity that is very striking. The frame is sober, the picture within it is amazing, and neither, once seen, can ever be forgotten.—Robert Hichens in Century.

What Happened to Bill.

Mrs. Dixon was putting Frank, aged six, and Willie, aged four, to sleep with a bedtime story when she was suddenly compelled to answer the doorbell. Hastening away with the intention of immediately returning, Mrs. Dixon was detained by a caller. The boys grew restless. Finally, running to the top of the stairs, where he knew his mother could get a perfect view of him, Frank used nearly all his small stock of diplomacy in trying to attract his mother's attention without disturbing the visitor. After several futile attempts at gesticulations he called out in a loud whisper perfectly audible to both ladies below, "Mamma, you'd better come up," then in a most awe inspiring tone adding, "cause Bill's nose is comin' unwiped!" — Youth's Companion.

Tibetan Penal Code.

The Tibetan penal code is curious. Murder is punished with a fine varying according to the importance of the slain, theft by a fine of seven to one hundred times the value of the article stolen. Here, again, the fine depends on the social importance of the person from whom the theft has been committed. The harbinger of a thief is looked upon as a worse criminal than the thief himself. Ordeals by fire and by boiling water are still used as proofs of innocence or guilt, exactly as was the custom in Europe in the middle ages. And if the lamas never inflict death they are adepts at torture.

Taken Literally.

The tramp approached the pompous gentleman and asked for a copper.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," quoted the gent.

"Tain't no use, mister," answered the weary one. "Me aunt's just as tight fisted as me uncle and me other relatives."—Exchange.

The Boy Told Him.

Father (after a long search)—Well, here it is. I wonder why one always finds things in the last place one looks for it? Bright Boy—I s'pose it's cause after people find it they leave off looking.

She Still Lectures.

Mr. Tile—Your wife used to lecture before she was married. Has she given it up now? Mr. Milds—Well—er—yes—that is, in public.

Tommy's Reason.

"Tommy," the schoolma'am asked, "why are you scratching your head?" "Cause nobody else knows just where it itches."

To bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.

PLANET PROBLEMS.

We Really Know Very Little Even About the Larger Heaven.
by Bodies.

"The amount of ignorance not yet removed concerning the planets is very great," writes E. S. Grew. "We do not know, for example, whether the planet Venus rotates. If it does it may possibly have a life and a vegetation like our own, though we suspect that it is clothed in eternal cloud. Of Saturn's rings we cannot say whether they consist of millions of tiny moons like briquettes or whether they may be even smaller still—a veil of shining dust. Of Jupiter we can only say that it is covered with clouds, though of their substance we know nothing, and, according to Professor Lowell and Sir William Huggins, some of the hands we see on it may be rifts in the clouds revealing the body of the planet. Little lines crisscross these bands. Photographs of Jupiter taken at Flagstaff observatory seem to indicate that these lines, too, are the upper clouds of Jupiter.

"But whenever we see a planet we see it badly. Even Mars, the most clearly revealed of them all, is constantly obscured by a refracting haze, so that even of the famous 'canals,' though nearly 500 in number, only a few are perceptible at a time, and an unskilled observer would probably not make them out at all. Sandstorms, sometimes snowstorms, sweep the surface of the planet, and because the winds of Mars are very gentle and slow moving these occurrences take a long time to pass by."—London Family Herald.

HE AMUSED THE CUBS.

Then the Young Lions Took a Turn at Amusing Him.

A negro attached to an African hunting party met with a curious adventure, says an English paper. Wandering one day from camp, he surprised two lion cubs at play and thoughtlessly commenced to amuse them. He was only too successful. The big cubs gamboled fearlessly about him and to his play scratched his legs in fearful fashion.

That the creatures were thoroughly enjoying themselves was evident from their manifestations of delight, and before long their unusual cries brought a lioness leaping to the spot.

Trembling in every limb, the negro faced the growling animal, while the cubs continued to jump up at him, eager for further caresses. The enraged lioness moved round uneasily in a circle, man and beast keeping their eyes steadily on each other. Several times the lions crouched to spring, but the man, from fear, never shifited his gaze.

At length, after what seemed an age, when the negro was ready to drop from exhaustion, the animal suddenly calmed her cubs away and disappeared into the surrounding scrub.

Mississippi Steamboating.

The steamboat age on the Mississippi began about 1821 and flourished for fifty years. As early as 1834 the number of steamboats on the Mississippi and its tributaries is estimated at 220, and in 1842 there were 450 vessels, with a value of \$25,000,000. But the golden era was from 1845 till the war. Never did the valley and steamboating prosper more than then. Thousands of bales of cotton were annually shipped to southern markets, and the wharfs of St. Louis and Memphis and Vicksburg and other large ports were stacked with piles of merchandise and lined with scores of steamers.—Travel Magazine.

Corrected.

It is the custom of a well known minister to point his sermons with either "dearly beloved brethren" or "now, my brothers." One day a lady member of his congregation took exception to this.

"Why do you always preach to the gentlemen and never to the ladies?" she asked.

"My dear lady," said the beaming vicar, "one embraces the other."

"But not in the church!" was the instant reply.

The Cruel Reason.

Mrs. Gossip—How does it come that Mrs. Newrich invited you to her party? I thought you were enemies. Mrs. Sharp—We are, but she thought I had nothing fit to wear and wanted to make me feel bad.

So Foolish.

"She is neglecting her game of bridge dreadfully."

Why is she doing that?

"Some silly excuse. Says the children need her, I believe."—Pittsburg Post.

An Ancient Custom.

"I wonder if men have always complained about the food their wives prepared for them," said one woman.

"I guess so," replied the other.

"Adam started it."—Washington Star.

The New Cook.

Wifey—This pudding is a sample of the new cook's work. What do you think of it? Hub—I'd call it mediocres. Wifey—No, dear; it's tapioca.—Boston Transcript.

Disguised.

Customer—I'm going to a masked ball, and I want something that will completely disguise me.

Customer—Certainly, sir. I will give you something nice.—Pale Male

Relief.

"My patience is taxed very often." "Well, I notice you get relief in the usual way."

Customer—What's that?"

"Swearing it off."—Baltimore American.

A SMALL BIRD.

But It Had a Mighty Swat When It Fell Dead Out of the Clouds.

W. C. Martin, Attorney.
In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding Probate Court, No. 17982, Administration. This is To Give Notice: That the subscriber, of the State of Pennsylvania, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters of administration on the estate of Stephen D. Ford, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of April, A. D. 1912; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1911.

Maggie F. Woolfolk.
Care W. C. Martin, 503 D St. N. W. Attest: James Tanner, Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court. W. C. Martin, Attorney.

Emmanuel M. Hewlett.
In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding Probate Court. Estate of Charles S. Lane, deceased, No. 17924, administration docket. Application having been made herein for Letters of Administration on the estate of said deceased, by Minnie Allen, it is ordered this 1st day of May, A. D. 1911, that Henry H. Lane, and all others concerned, appear in said court on Monday, the 12th day of June, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., to show cause why such application should not be granted. Let notice hereof be published in the "Washington Law Reporter" and the Washington Bee once in each of three successive weeks before the return day herein mentioned—the first publication to be not less than thirty days before said return day.

Ashley M. Gould, Justice.

Attest:
James Tanner, Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.

Emanuel M. Hewlett, Attorney.

W. Calvin Chase, Attorney.
In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Sauser A. Gable, complainant, vs. Barbara Ellen Gable, defendant, and Alfred Traxel, co-respondent. The object of this suit is a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, between Sauser A. Gable and Barbara Ellen Gable. The grounds are adultery.

On motion of the complainant, it is this 16th day of May, 1911, ordered that the defendant, Barbara Ellen Gable, of Neffsville, Lancaster County, Pa., cause her appearance to be entered herein on or before the 40th day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, after the first day of the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in the Washington Law Reporter and the Washington Bee, before said day.

WENDELL P. STAFFORD,
Justice.

A true copy.

Test:
W. F. LEMON,
Assistant Clerk.

A true copy.

Test:
J. R. YOUNG,
Clerk.

THOMAS WALKER, Attorney.
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding Probate Court. No. 1806 administration.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of the District of Columbia, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters of administration on the estate of Osborn Dorsey, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 23d day of May, A. D. 1912; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 23d day of May, 1911.

WILLIAM L. SMITH,
946 E Street, Southwest.

Attest:
JAMES TANNER,
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.

GEO. F. COLLINS, ATTORNEY.
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court. No. 17833, administration.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of the District of Columbia, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters testamentary on the estate of Maria Rickson, otherwise Sally Marie Rickson, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of May, A. D. 1912; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of May, 1911.

JAMES R. WILDER,
2109 Pennsylvania Avenue, Northwest.

Attest:
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Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.

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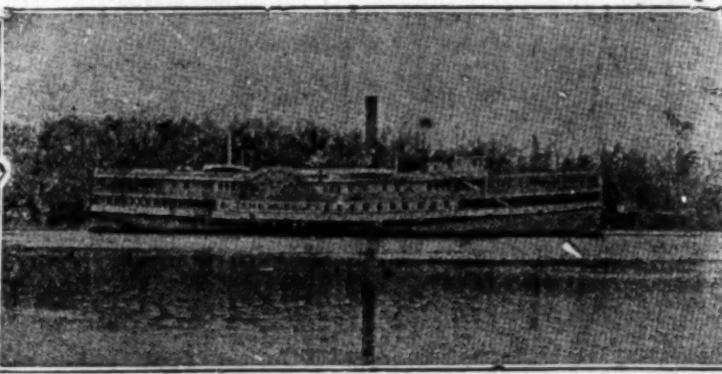
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